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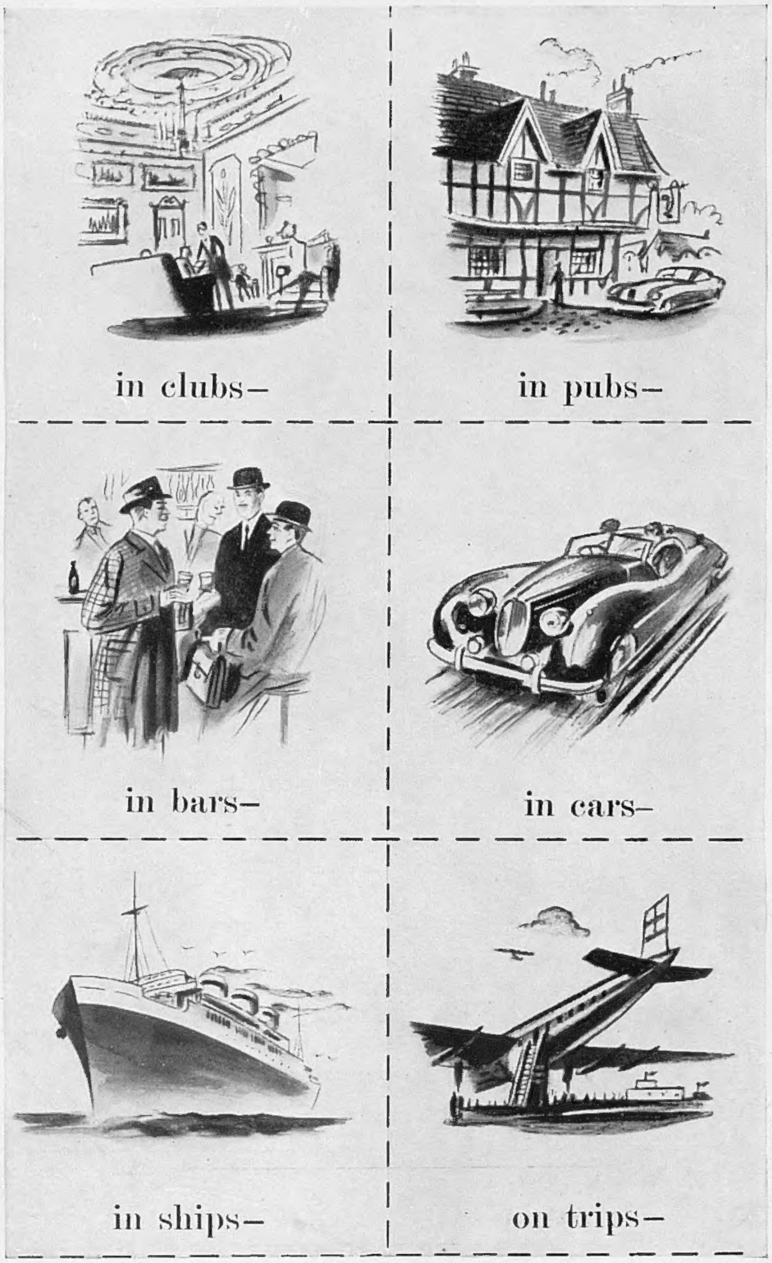

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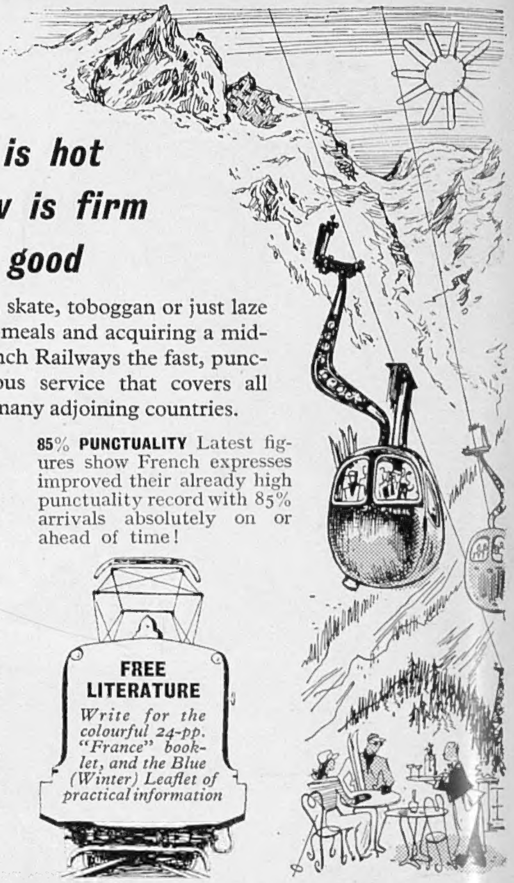

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C S-81

November

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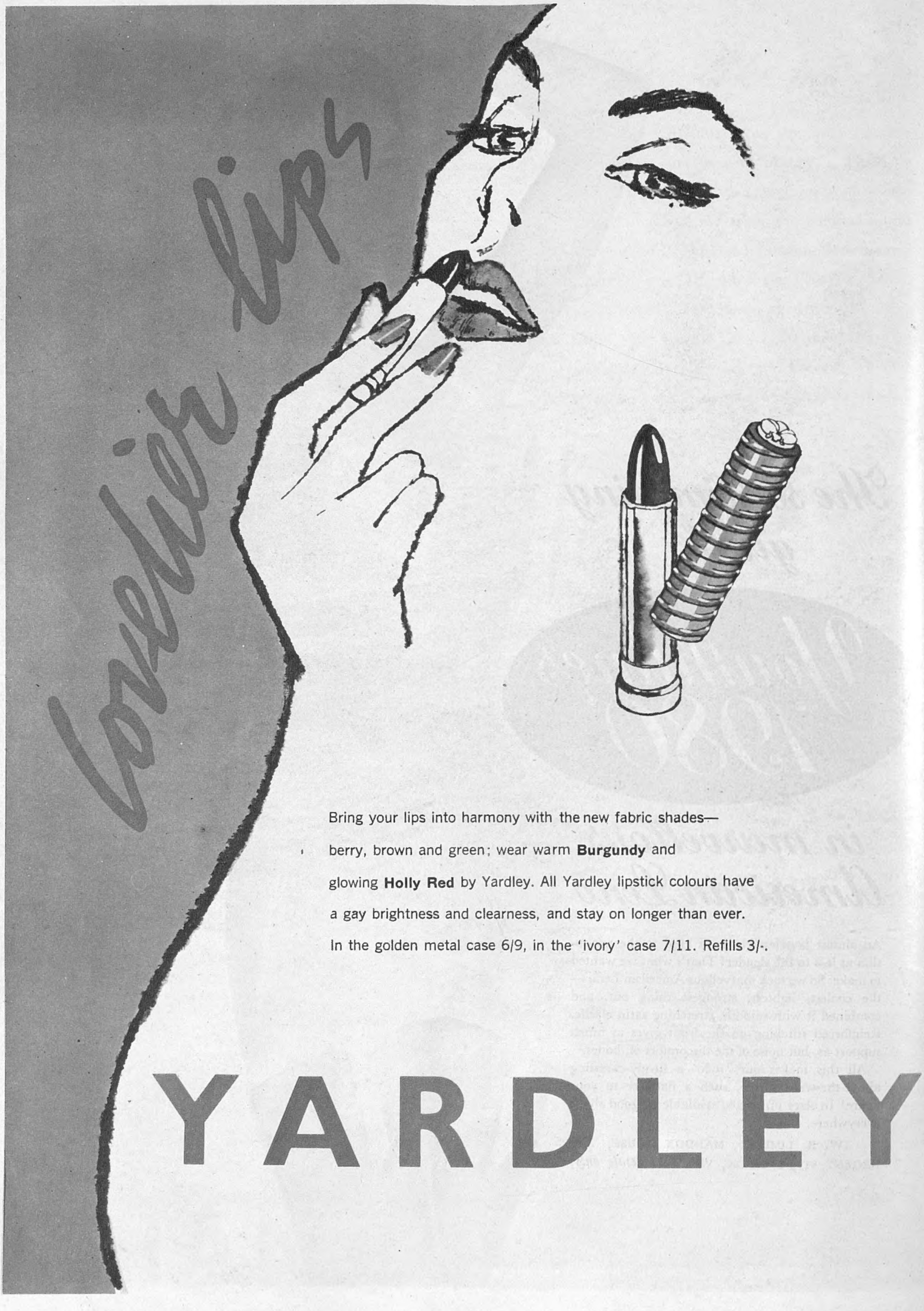
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The Sketch

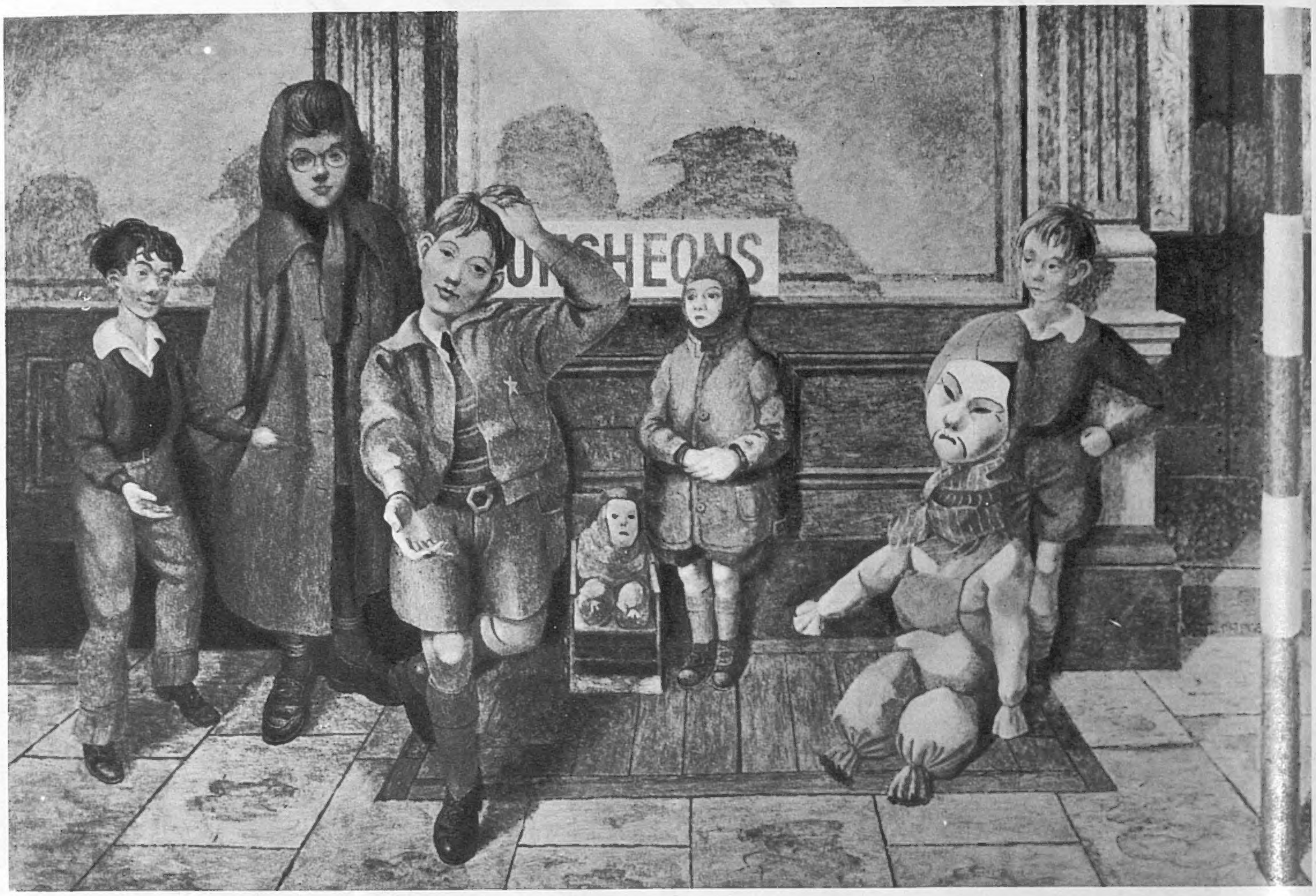
WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1953

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Houston Rogers.

Representing . . .

GREAT BRITAIN

Lovely Brenda Mee was "Miss Great Britain" in the recent international beauty contest at the Lyceum for the title of "Miss World," which was won by eighteen-year-old Denise Perrier, representing France. Pictures of all the contestants appear on pages 432 and 433.



"PENNY FOR THE GUY"—by Harold Eldridge.

It 's all there—the hope and expectation of this one, the resignation of that, the pleading cajolery of another—and the pop-eyed excitement of the little fellow who is being initiated into all the wonders of a traditional November 5th. "Please to remember . . ."—it 's a slow process and a cold one, but to-morrow it will be worth it, with Catherine wheels and Chinese crackers and skyrockets and Golden Rain, and a hundred blazing effigies of Guy Fawkes, keeping alight—no one knows why—the memory of "gunpowder, treason and plot."

Our Motley Notes

BY TOBY O'BRIEN

IN the scramble and hurry of packing up to leave for the United States, it was pleasant to take time off from these pursuits to go to a number of cheerful engagements. One was the reception given by the Duke of Primo de Rivera at the Spanish Embassy, an annual affair to celebrate the discovery of America by Columbus on October 12th, 1492. The Embassy, in Belgrave Square, has what must be surely the finest rooms for entertaining on this scale of any diplomatic mission in London, and Miguel Primo de Rivera has established himself in the comparatively short time he has been here as one of London's kindliest hosts. Somebody pointed out to me that in my recent reference to the Duke of Alba I had omitted probably the most interesting items in his vast and priceless collection of pictures and historical documents. This is the little map of San Domingo (where Columbus landed, and which, to his dying day, he thought was part of India) which he drew himself. It is about the size of a page of *The Sketch*, and the ink has, of course, gone a yellowish brown. The other is his list of the crew and where they came from. Among them is a Galway man and another from that seafaring port, itself responsible for so much of the discovery of the New World—Bristol. To see these 460-year-old scraps of parchment is to catch a glimpse of the hopes and fears, the dangers, the scurvy, the mutiny, among those brave men in their cockle-shells who made possible the luxurious and matter-of-fact journey on which I am setting out.

At the Embassy I met Sir Harry Brittain. I confided to him that this would be my first crossing of the Atlantic, at which he could look a little scornfully, as in a month's time he sets off on his fifty-eighth. Sir Harry has the distinction, shared, I think, only by Lord Halifax, of having visited all forty-eight States. This fact, indeed, once startled the notoriously taciturn President Calvin Coolidge into near-volubility. Sir Harry, as the founder of that great and valuable cementer of Anglo-American friendship, the Pilgrims, is always sure of a warm welcome on the other side. During Coolidge's Presidency he was taken by the then Secretary of State across to the White House to meet the President. "Cal" Coolidge said to him: "Now, Sir Harry, I know you have crossed the Atlantic many times, but how much do you know of my country?" To which Harry replied: "I have had the honour to have been in every one of your forty-eight States. And you, Sir?" Coolidge, slightly taken aback, replied: "My! I 'll have to go vurry slow with my next question. I am shy of at least six." Coolidge not merely insisted on his guest staying for another

hour, but invited him to dinner that night, and sent him back to New York the next day in his special train. It is obviously no bad thing to be an extensive traveller, and no small achievement to get "Cal" Coolidge to talk—Coolidge, of whom the story is told that when he was asked what the preacher had spoken about in his Sunday sermon, replied "Sin," and when asked further what he had said about it, muttered : "He was agin it."

FROM the Embassy we went on to a party given by John Grey Murray for Professor Walter Starkie, to celebrate the latter's new book on a subject which he knows so well—the gypsies. Walter, the last of the great Irish wits, is as round and as twinkling —his eyes remind me of Mrs. Tiggywinkle's, in Beatrix Potter's book—and as cheerful as ever. It was impossible to believe that one who appears to have found the secret of eternal youth should have just become sixty, and as such was going to retire from the directorship of the British Institute in Madrid, which he has held since the dark days of 1940. Walter was then appointed by Lord Lloyd, because of his intimate knowledge of Spain, and during the most difficult stages of the war was worth to this country more than the whole of the British Embassy put together. It seems a pity that we should lose such a valuable unofficial ambassador for a pedantic interpretation of age rules.

A more delightful setting for a small and intimate party than John Murray's in Albemarle Street would be difficult to find. John Grey Murray, our host—I always forget whether he is John Murray V. or VI.—has added to the historical portraits which crowd the walls a number of contemporary, original and highly-malicious drawings by our mutual friend, Osbert Lancaster. The malice, however, is so informed by wit that I gather from John that all the victims have forgiven the caricaturist! He also told me that when he and Peter Quennell were working on the Byron letters in John Murray I.'s room, you could almost feel the past come to life—with Lady Caroline Lamb in the ante-chamber, and Byron desperately wondering how to get rid of that impossibly hysterical young woman.

ON the eve of sailing it was heartening to be able to fit in Lebègue's wine-tasting, which has not only become an annual event of considerable importance in the sphere of wine—I believe it is the largest tasting in the world—but a pleasant social occasion, at which one meets many old friends. This year it was a happy thought to have present the proprietors of the famous French vineyards, and a practical thought to identify them by their buttonholes. Thus we were informed in advance, for example, that the Marquis Bertrand de Lur-Saluces, the proprietor of Château Yquem, was identifiable by a yellow rose, while my friend last year, Monsieur Henri de Villaine of Romanée-Conti, wore a red rose.

I remember being introduced to my first Château Yquem, a 1911 or 1912, I forget which, by that greatest of headmasters and most civilised of individuals, J. F. Roxburgh, till lately headmaster of Stowe, at Paillard's, in Paris, in 1927. To a youthful palate this greatest of white Bordeaux was a revelation. Incidentally, who remembers those three famous Parisian restaurants Paillard, Voisin and Foyot, with their wonderful cooking for the gourmet, and their superb cellars "*pour les grands amateurs*"? They couldn't, alas, compete with the hurry of the modern world. And with the dwindling band of those who are prepared to take time over their dinners, and to spend on them the money which might otherwise be wasted on the many mechanical and meretricious things which the modern world has to offer, their doom was sealed —Paillard's being the first, and Voisin the last to go, just before the war.

But to return to Yquem. It was again an excellent idea to have on show the actual grapes from which the wine is made. To the uninitiated they look like mouldy bunches of rotten raisins. To the initiated they are covered with the "*pourriture noble*"—the "noble corruption," which means that these remaining grapes left on the vines to the last possible moment are full of the sugar which ensures them body and long life. Naturally, this is an expensive way of producing wine, as, obviously, if there are early frosts or heavy rain all the growers' efforts may be wasted. The nobility of the wine, however, was well illustrated by the vintages to which we were treated.

At the lunch I was sitting with Mrs. Prince, the wife of Guy Prince, who is our host on these occasions. While we were drinking an admirable '28 Haut Brion, I was a little puzzled by the origin of a faint accent. I asked her her original nationality, and she in reply asked me to guess. I said "Viennese"—and got it right first time. I think I can claim to be able to detect the country of origin of most Europeans speaking French —the Portuguese, for example, speak it as though someone had put a clothes-peg on their noses—but I was rather pleased on this occasion with my little piece of philological detection.

BUSHY : by Hargrave

"Okay—but how do I get back?"

I AM a little allergic to salesmanship—that is to say, I resist strongly going to see plays or reading books which everybody tells me I *must* see or read. I have never yet, for example, either read or seen *Gone With the Wind*. In the same way, the burst of publicised enthusiasm, about the time of the Coronation, for the Gore Hotel in Kensington, and its Elizabethan Room, and its rushes on the floor, effectively kept me away from it until I was almost forcibly taken there the other evening. I must confess myself to being a convert. I have seldom enjoyed an evening more. Robin Howard, who runs it, has obviously created something unusual, with a wine list which is remarkable not merely for its comprehensiveness and cheapness, but for the *expertise* displayed in its choice. As for the Elizabethan Room, which I was afraid was going to be arty-crafty and folksy, I found it historically accurate and pleasantly gay. I fear, however, that what I am now going to say may hurt the feelings of my old friend Colonel George Gayre—the only British officer in the last war to have served in the Prussian Army. I don't like mead—which he makes in vast quantities. This tipple may have been all right for your dull-eyed Anglo-Saxon ancestors, but I fear that this Celt merely finds it faintly nauseating.

AS I write this, the good ship *Olympia*, the new flagship of the Greek Line, is leaving with me for New York. Of her pre-maiden voyage round the British Isles much has already been written by other scribes. Long, however, shall I remember the sight of Gilbert Harding and Bessie Braddock hob-nobbing away at Liverpool—neither being rude to the other. In actual fact, Gilbert, as he so often protests, is a thoroughly amiable character. Recently, at a small lunch club that we frequent, he told a little story. While the dénouement was not such as would avoid the editorial blue pencil, I have seldom heard such natural beauty of language in the telling of a tale. But I dare say that Gilbert will be rude to me the next time we meet for saying so!

"MISS WORLD" : DENISE PERRIER (France), winner of the contest.

ALEXANDRA LADIKOU (Greece).

WILMA KANDERS (Germany).

The Most Beautiful Girls in the World

Fifteen of the most beautiful girls in the world gathered together at the Lyceum recently for a World Beauty Contest. Judges were Margaret Lockwood, David Niven, Viscountess Tarbat, Godfrey Winn, artist Cowan Dobson, and M. Pireur, a member of the International Committee who choose "Miss Europe." The winner, France's Denise Perrier, was presented with a cheque for £500, a silver rose-bowl and an enormous bouquet of flowers. There were tears and tantrums among the runners-up as nerves stretched to breaking-point, but when the final choice was made, the also-rans proved to be very good losers. Dark-haired Alexandra Ladikou of Greece was second in the contest, with auburn-haired Marina Papaelia of Egypt third. A picture of Brenda Mee, "Miss Great Britain" in the contest, appears as our frontispiece. The contest was sponsored by the *Sunday Dispatch* and organised by Mecca Dancing.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Houston Rogers.

ODETTE CONUE (Switzerland).

MARINA PAPAELIA
(Egypt).

YVONNE MEYER
(Holland).

MARY GRIFFIN
(U.S.A.).

INGRID ANDERSEN
(Denmark).

MANEL ILLANGAKOON
(Ceylon).

MAIJA RIITTA TUOMALA
(Finland).

ELIZABETH CHOVISKY
(Monte Carlo).

S. GULBRANDSEN and I. JOHANSSON
(Norway). (Sweden).

HAVATZELET DROR
(Israel).

Our Bookshelf

A HANDFUL OF AUTHORS. By G. K. Chesterton. (*Sheed and Ward ; 10s. 6d.*)

THE VICTORIAN CHAISE-LONGUE. By Marghanita Laski. (*The Cresset Press ; 8s. 6d.*)

A SUNSET TOUCH. By Howard Spring. (*Collins ; 12s. 6d.*)

Reviewed by G. B. Stern

TO speak of Niagara as " just a waterfall " is something of an understatement, and equally to speak of G. K. Chesterton's cascading genius as a mere " lavish output " hardly meets the case. In fact, what he needed more than a literary executor was a really good retriever, and he has both in Miss Dorothy Collins, who has now assembled, from all over the place, a collection of his essays on authors, *A Handful of Authors* (not hitherto published in book form), apparently leaving an abundance to be gathered into at least seven more baskets. " Turn but a stone and start a wing " . . . turn but a page and on each of the 214 you will find enthusiastic pencil marks from an incurable quotation addict (myself), to the effect that whatever else is omitted, *this* passage *must* be included in a review, *and* this one, and this one too, and if *this* does not entice the would-be reader, what will ?

> " *One ought not to swagger about being the fellow citizen of Shakespeare ; rather one ought to feel that Shakespeare might have had a better fellow citizen.*"

> " *Just as Arthur and Barbarossa were to return again, men felt that this preposterous detective* [Sherlock Holmes] *must return again. He had emerged out of the unreality of literature into the glowing reality of legend, and in proof of this he has inherited the most widespread and pathetic characteristics of legendary heroes ; that characteristic which makes men incredulous of their death.*"

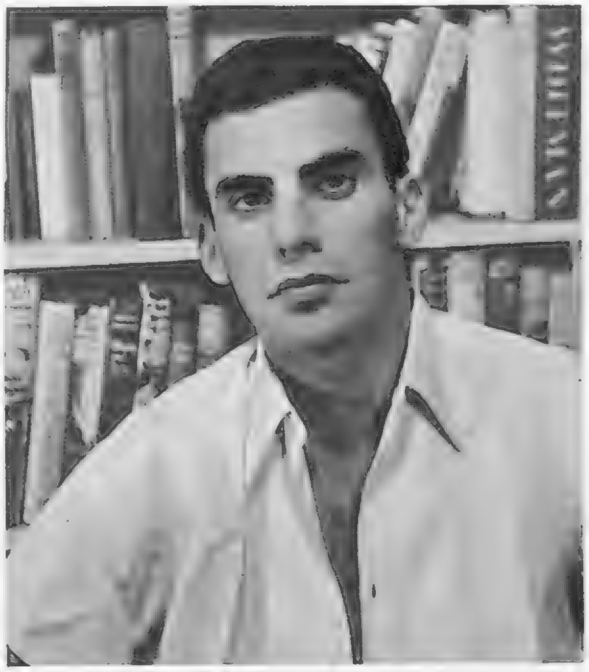
> " *It was quite logical that when told that a saint's heart had burst his ribs he* [Mark Twain] *should ask what the saint had had for dinner.*"

And in the essay that opens the volume, probably an unconscious declaration of Chesterton's own creed, though not, luckily, of an eclipse which has not occurred :

> " *Stevenson will win, not because he has friends or admirers or the approval of the public or the assent of the æsthetes. He will win because he is* right—*a word of great practical import which needs to be rediscovered. He may or may not be eclipsed for a time ; it would be a truer way of putting it to say that the public may or may not be eclipsed for a time.*"

When a whole Gargantuan banquet is splendid beyond description, we may sometimes allow ourselves to be a little captious about the quality of one small walnut with the wine. Assuredly Chesterton was one of those generous men who, if found in the wrong, would chuckle with the same whole-hearted glee that lesser natures feel at proving themselves in the right ; so it is fun to have caught him out where he so strongly praises the recurrent use of colour in telling a tale—" in which gold is called red gold three times in a page or the wood is called green every time it is mentioned." . . . Yet Robert Louis Stevenson, his idol in style, once fiercely demanded of a young girl under his tutelage that she should write him an essay describing her garden without *ever* tiresomely making use of that superfluous adjective green.

Every line of these essays from his earlier period reveals the fallacy of regarding him as Chesterton the too exuberant crusader, Chesterton the verbal acrobat, drunk with paradox ; on the contrary, in spite of his childlike capacity for eternal surprise and delighted gratitude at being alive at all, he is never dubious, never hesitant, never fidgets with his chosen subject ; never says " I think," yet often " I believe " ; already his mind shows a fixed habitation, though he may not yet have given it a name.



New York bound this month, following publication tomorrow (November 5th) of his first novel, *Mrs. Livingstone, I Presume ?* (Island Press ; 7s. 6d.), is Glasgow-born Richard Kayne, twenty-five, primarily a composer and lyricist, who arrived in London five years ago with an enthusiasm which everybody appreciated and a bundle of songs no one wanted. After chalking up a few successes, which included a number in the last Lyric Revue, he found he was not greatly in demand, decided to try his luck in the States. With his passage booked, came the news that his book will be published on the eve of his departure.

NOT many authors have offered us a chaise-longue (Victorian) as villain of the piece ; and Miss Marghanita Laski's *The Victorian Chaise-Longue* arouses our troubled appreciation—enjoyment is not exactly the word—at her skill in using it to send crawling down our spine a *frisson* far colder than from any orthodox ghost-story. So familiar is she with both wide-apart worlds of the story's first and second periods, as to be able to add appalling detail to the mid-Victorian half where it presses up in close contrast against the luxury and spoiling which surround little Melanie Langdon of the present time. It may be that in her Milly incarnation the latter shows more resource than we were led to expect, more silent endurance, more power to dissimulate and to reason out this sudden cruel punishment that has befallen her ; probably an attack of fog on the brain may account for my slight perplexity as to what exactly *has* happened when Melanie falls peacefully asleep on the chaise-longue she had bought at an antique shop. . . . Was it one of psychometry's queerer tricks, possession by a stronger personality who had died on the chaise-longue in the same set of circumstances nearly a hundred years before, another young mother with T.B. ? Was it magic, or just a bad dream ? The question is more or less answered by Melanie herself, reflecting on the peril of ecstasy, and how, awakening from ecstasy, one is liable to find oneself exposed to that menacing terror of being lost and helpless, with no notion of how or where or when help will be forthcoming : " It is ecstasy that is to be feared . . . it is a separation and a severance from reality and time, and it is not safe."

To read of Melanie in any patronising spirit would be unpardonable ; we have only admiration for the author in her sensitive compassionate handling of Guy Langdon's petted young wife, who has to learn a hard lesson compressed into one packed agony of bewilderment, nausea and naked fear ; who has to die before she can live again.

WISHFUL thinking, that twentieth century translation of our old friend — or enemy — the day-dream, does most amazingly lead straight to fulfilment, in Mr. Howard Spring's absorbing novel, *A Sunset Touch* :

> *Just when we are safest, there's a sunset touch,*
> *A fancy from a flower-bell, someone's death . . .*
> *And that's enough for fifty hopes and fears.*

Thus Mr. Menheniot, a middle-aged bank clerk, had wished and dreamed that perhaps one day he might leave London and retire to dwell for the rest of his life in the lodge of his old family estate, Rosemullion. When his wish is granted with a fortune thrown in he is able to buy Rosemullion itself ; and in the beautiful little Cornish fishing-village we then prepare for a corny wistful-renunciation act bathed in the mellow diffused light of evening. . . .

No, apart from Browning, that is where Mr. Spring's title has led us right up the garden path ; his " sunset touch " is ironic. Mr. Menheniot had lived too fastidiously and bookishly, too aloof from human contacts ; now he has to find out the brutal truth of his emotional inadequacy : " Don't be a fool. Don't wrap yourself up in *where* you are. Come out of your parcel and look at *what* you are." He falls in love with Kitty Littledale, the doctor's sister, a delicate romance that he bungles almost fatally ; he cannot cope with insanity and tragedy when he meets them face to face ; he has to be taught the ABC of lust by Bella Thoroughgood (the author must have named her in a moment of sheer self-indulgence !) : " The trouble with you," said Bella, tutoring him not too subtly in the rudiments, " the trouble with you is you've waited too long." Only in the very last chapters is he allowed a happy-ever-after ending—and that by the skin of his teeth.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by George Konig.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT

Her name is Gudrun Anberg and at sixteen she is certainly the youngest accredited foreign correspondent in the world. She has dreamy grey eyes and typically Scandinavian blonde hair—and when her smile fights through her shyness you see that it was well worth waiting for. She came to London last month, representing a children's newspaper issued for one week of the school holidays by the Copenhagen *Social Democrat*, and wrote about everything she saw and did—the reassembly of Parliament, Westminster, the Tower of London, and the première of *The Conquest of Everest*, where she saw the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh. She "filed" daily reports to the paper, which was run by forty-two children aged from nine to seventeen. Was it a success? Well, Gudrun and the other children certainly thought so!

The Hon. Mrs. Anthony Cayzer

A charming recent portrait by Richard Marientreu of the Hon. Mrs. Anthony Cayzer, lovely daughter of Lord Oranmore and Browne, and wife of the second son of Lord Rotherwick. Their home is at Sedgwick Park, Horsham, in Sussex.

OCTOBER 15th.—FILM PREMIÈRE. Lord and Lady George Scott arriving for the first showing of *The Intruder* at the Empire Theatre, the proceeds of which were in aid of the Returned British Prisoners of War Association.

OCTOBER 16th.—FOYLE'S LUNCHEON. Sir Thomas White, High Commissioner for Australia, with Miss Cicely Courtneidge at the luncheon in honour of Miss Courtneidge to mark the publication of her autobiography *Cicely*.

OCTOBER 17th.—MEET AT HATFIELD HOUSE. When the Enfield Chace met for cubbing at Hatfield House this charming picture was taken which shows Mr. Tim Muxworthy (*left*), the Huntsman, with Lady Salisbury, and Lady Cranbourne and her two sons.

OCTOBER 19th.—CHRISTENING. Dr. and Mrs. Kendall are here seen with their baby son after his christening in the Guards Chapel. Dr. Kendall competed in the 1950 British Empire Games in New Zealand and is one of Britain's fastest men swimmers.

Notes and Pictures from

Our Social Diary

I WAS only able to look in for a short while to the "At Home" which Lady Huggins held to discuss plans for the Actresses' Gaiety Party which is to take place at the Dorchester on Saturday, December 5th. This promises to be a most amusing affair, as there will be dancing from 3–6 p.m., the inimitable Mr. Douglas Byng is to give the cabaret, and there will be a clairvoyant for those courageous people who enjoy hearing what the future holds in store. Miss Marie Burke, who was at the meeting, is to sell programmes with Miss Ruby Miller. As chairman, Lady Huggins was conducting the meeting with great efficiency, and afterwards she told me how busy her life has become since being adopted as prospective candidate for West Dumbartonshire. Marie, Marchioness of Willingdon, was present, and I also had the pleasure of meeting Princess Irene Wiszniewska.

The cocktail party given by His Excellency the Austrian Ambassador and Madame Wimmer for the members of the Grete Wiesenthal Ballet from Vienna, was unfortunately overshadowed by the news of the tragic death of Sir George Franckenstein. Madame Wimmer herself told me that, had there been time to notify all their guests, the party would naturally have been cancelled. Nevertheless, all those present greatly enjoyed meeting the six charming young ballerinas, the eldest of whom is only twenty-two, and I greatly admired the dark beauty of the youngest, eighteen-year-old Hedda Kindler.

Never having previously attended one of Foyle's literary luncheons, I was delighted to go to that given at the Dorchester in honour of Miss Cicely Courtneidge to mark the publication of her book *Cicely*. I was fortunate in being seated immediately facing the top table, where the High Commissioner for Australia, Sir Thomas White, acted as chairman. Lady White was also present. Needless to say, there were a great many representatives from the theatrical world and, in addition to the enjoyment of seeing Miss Courtneidge and hearing her very amusing speech, I particularly admired the serene beauty of Miss Diana Wynyard, the air of quiet elegance of Miss Helen Haye, the large pale-blue hat trimmed with mink worn by Miss Barbara Kelly, and the wonderful sense of grace of Belita even in repose. Last, but by no means least, the delicious *joie de vivre* personality of Miss Yvonne Arnaud and the very funny speech of Mr. Stephen Potter added to the gaiety of this luncheon.

An evening of conflicting desires for music and ballet lovers included a concert given by artistes from Australia and New Zealand at the Royal Festival Hall and attended by the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh ; the

[*Continued overleaf.*

OCTOBER 19th.—LORD AND LADY MAYORESS ELECT. Sir Noel Bowater, who is to succeed Sir Rupert De la Bère as Lord Mayor of London, with Lady Bowater outside the House of Lords, after being received by the Lord Chancellor.

OCTOBER 20th.—WEDDING. The former Miss Caroline Hay, daughter of the late Lord Edward Hay and Lady Menzies, leaving Grosvenor Chapel, South Audley Street, after her marriage to Mr. Richard Armitage, only son of Mr. R. M. Armitage, of 48, Portland Place, W.1., and Mrs. Armitage, of 14, Cresswell Gardens, S.W.

OCTOBER 24th.—ANNUAL DINNER. The annual dinner of the 51st Highland Division was held at Gleneagles Hotel, and pictured here are Lieut. J. O. Lang, Miss J. Lang, Mrs. Lang, Mrs. Baron and Major J. Baron.

OCTOBER 27th.—AT KENSINGTON ART GALLERY. Major T. H. McArthur and the Duke of Richmond and Gordon with Mr. Roy Nockold the artist at the private view.

Our Social Diary (contd.)

opening of the opera season at Covent Garden with *Die Walkure*; and the first performance of the Vienna Ballet at the Princes Theatre. At Covent Garden, which was my choice, H.R.H. Princess Alice and the Earl of Athlone were in the Royal Box with the Marquess and Marchioness of Carisbrooke, and in the foyer I saw the Earl of Harewood talking with a group of friends which included Mrs. Edward Renton. One of the most attractive and best-dressed of the young girls there was Miss Jennifer Renwick, who wore a ballerina-length dress of pale coffee-coloured tulle. I also saw Lord and Lady Grenfell, Lord Wardington with his brother the Hon. William Pease, Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Hodson, who were talking to the Hon. Henry Lumley-Savile, and Viscount and Viscountess Moore.

The following day I went to a luncheon party given by Mrs. Ludlow-Symons, and had the pleasure of meeting her cousin, Mr. Richard Marientreu, whose portrait of Mrs. Anthony Cayzer is reproduced in this issue, and also Mr. Thomas Brockman, the American pianist who was to give a recital at the Wigmore Hall before returning to the United States. Unfortunately, I could not go to the recital, but many people, including the Hon. John and Mrs. Lindesay-Bethune, who were enjoying a respite from the ardours of house-hunting, have since told me how very much they enjoyed his playing, and particularly his interpretation of Ravel.

Over £100 was raised at the cocktail party given by Mr. Felix Fenston for the Canine Defence League at his lovely house in Hill Street. The chairman, Mr. Neave Parker, was discussing Mr. John Waller's amusing book *Shaggy Dogs and other Fables* with the author and Mr. Esmé Percy, and I saw Captain Charles Chichester reminiscing with Lady Kemball-Cook over the dogs' birthday parties he used to give! The Comtesse de Serrant was also there, and told me that she had bred the Sealyham belonging to Princess Margaret; but guests were not only confined to dog-lovers, as Mr. James Norbury—sporting a very gay waistcoat—was talking about his marmosets to Delia Lady Huntington, who stated that her preference was for cats!

From that party I went on to the Warner Theatre for the première of the film *The Conquest of Everest*, where vast crowds were waiting outside to see the arrival of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, and also hoping, no doubt, to catch a glimpse of the members of the expedition. Inside the foyer, and standing on tiptoe with expectation, were the two charming young daughters of Colonel Sir John Hunt, and Susan, the younger, presented a bouquet of orchids and lilies-of-the-valley to the Queen, while Sally handed the Duke of Edinburgh two programmes of the evening's entertainment. The Queen looked very lovely in a dress of pale gold satin trimmed with deeper gold paillettes, and was wearing a beautiful diamond necklace and ear-rings. I watched the arrival of Sir Edmund Hillary and

OCTOBER 20th.—PRIVATE SECRETARY TO THE QUEEN. Sir Michael Adeane, K.C.V.O., C.B., who, it is announced, is to succeed Sir Alan Lascelles as Private Secretary to the Queen at the end of the year.

OCTOBER 21st.—EVEREST PREMIÈRE. Lieutenant-Commander M. Parker, Private Secretary to the Duke of Edinburgh, with his wife at the première of the film *The Conquest of Everest.*

OCTOBER 24th. — AT ST. PAUL'S. Miss Jennifer Dixon, daughter of Sir Pierson Dixon, deputy Under-Secretary of State at the Foreign Office, married Mr. Peter Blaker in the Chapel of St. Michael and St. George.

OCTOBER 27th.—FLOWER BALL AT THE SAVOY. *Left:* Miss Caroline Clive, the lovely daughter of Mrs. Elizabeth Clive, is seated in a decorated sleigh and surrounded by five of her maids of honour, Miss Jennifer Clark, Miss Rosemary Parker, Miss Joan Sheddon, Miss Erica Hobson, and Miss Diana Bowring. *Centre:* Lady Sarah Savile and Mr. David Lloyd Lowes are buying flowers from Madame von Neurath, and, *right*, are two of the dancers, Miss Sonia Clark and Mr. Cyril Newton.

his wife, the latter wearing a dress of cream-coloured chiffon banded with satin of a slightly deeper tone; while Lady Hunt looked charming in black tulle. Amongst the many other people who came to see this truly remarkable film of achievement and courage were Lord and Lady Woolton, Mr. Anthony and Lady Dorothea Head, Sir Alexander Korda, whose pretty wife wore a dress of grey chiffon and lace, Sir Charles and Lady Hambro, Mr. Somerset Maugham, Mr. and Mrs. Freddie Shaughnessy, Lord and Lady Tarbat, and Baroness Ravensdale.

Even the pouring rain could not dampen the enthusiasm of those people who came to the private view of Mr. Roy Nockold's paintings at the Kensington Art Gallery, which was opened by the Duke of Richmond and Gordon. Mr. and Mrs. Nockold were greeting many friends and representatives of the motoring and flying world, and in his speech the Duke of Richmond and Gordon said the sense of speed that Mr. Nockold conveys in his paintings of these two subjects was not only remarkable, but that he was probably the pioneer in this form of art.

At the Flower Ball which was held at the Savoy in aid of St. Loye's College for the Training and Rehabilitation of the Disabled, Miss Caroline Clive, one of the prettiest débutantes of this year, made an enchanting Flower Queen as, seated in a decorated sleigh, she was pulled round the dance floor by her six maids of honour. Everyone was sorry that after this far too brief appearance she had to return home because of her recent operation for appendicitis and had, therefore, to miss the rest of the evening's entertainment. After the cabaret the Countess of Shrewsbury, the chairman, drew the numbers for the lucky programmes, and Lady Beddoe-Rees, organiser of the ball, reminded everyone of the very excellent tombola in another room. Amongst Mrs. Elizabeth Clive's guests were Mr. Justice and Lady Barry, Miss Joan Haggi, the Hon. Harry Cubitt, Miss Bridget Malcolm and Mr. and Mrs. Behrens. I also saw Lady Sarah Savile with a party of friends.

The following evening I went to the dinner in aid of the Dockland Settlements, held at the Mansion House by permission of the Lord and Lady Mayoress, and attended by Her Highness Princess Marie Louise, president of the Settlements. Field-Marshal Lord Wilson, the chairman of the governing body, received the guests with the Lord Mayor and Lady De la Bère, who was wearing a grey dress with a faint gold stripe and an ermine stole. Sir David Maxwell Fyfe was the chief speaker at the dinner, but, unfortunately, owing to the fact that there was a division in the House of Commons, he and Sir Rupert De la Bère had to leave before the end of the evening. Other speakers were Field-Marshal Lord Wilson, Sir Reginald Kennedy-Cox, the founder of the Settlements, and Sir Douglas Ritchie, the honorary treasurer. The latter caused great amusement when, making reference to Sir David Maxwell Fyfe's remark that there had been a change "in the order of batting," caused by the necessary difference in the order of speakers, he, Sir Douglas, was always the last man in!

Amongst the large number of guests were H.E. the Spanish Ambassador, H.E. the Brazilian Ambassador and Madame Gracie, H.E. the Indonesian Ambassador and Madame Subandrio, the Dowager Marchioness of Townshend, in black with a turquoise and diamond tiara, and the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, who was wearing an aquamarine tiara and a dress of royal blue velvet.

AT THE THEATRE with J. C. TREWIN

Alarums and Excursions

King John
(Old Vic)

IT is the custom to think of this play as an Arthurian Legend. The revival shows, as revivals usually do, that there is more in the chronicle than this. The Hubert-Arthur scene lasts for only a quarter of an hour: in any event, it can still touch the heart of anyone who is not glumly assured that the most familiar passages in Shakespeare must be also the dullest: a curious quirk. At the Vic, Hubert is acted sturdily by Edgar Wreford (who has the task, assigned to Hubert in the First Folio, of "doubling" a Citizen of Angiers); and Nicky Edmett does Arthur without fuss. But the chronicle is, as it says, the tale of the Life and Death of King John. In the past he has not always dominated: this is equally a chronicle of Philip the Bastard—and that blunt commentator can sometimes snatch the night.

There is no question of snatching in the George Devine revival at the Vic, where the cast works harmoniously and the play is never unbalanced. John seems to me to hold his own, for once, at the head of his play: Michael Hordern, refusing to turn him into a kind of gibbering drug addict (I have seen the part acted like this), takes the man firmly through his "troublesome reign" as a crafty, yet usually regal, opportunist who can govern the stage. Richard Burton, an unusually quiet Faulconbridge, does not miss much (he has even to toss down Austria's head). Fay Compton has the tricky problem of Constance, one that few actresses can solve. We can count on Miss Compton: verbally uncertain at first, she rose to the lament for Arthur—which, we imagine, is Shakespeare remembering the loss of his own son—and drove magnificently into the verse, a tragedy queen indeed.

The bellicose Barons are managed vigorously. I do not like Paul Daneman's Pandulph: he is an understanding actor, but here the Cardinal is ready to cry at any moment: "Fee-fi-fo-fum! I smell the blood of an Englishman." The young Prince Henry, like so many who have acted the part before him, cannot yet make use of the largesse that Shakespeare has thrown unexpectedly in a fifth-act speech. And one or two production matters bother me. The season's façade does not suit the play—it is too cluttering—and some of the fights are unintentionally comic: maybe because of the period helmets. Among the torments of the troublesome reign, no doubt. Otherwise, the Motley costumes are an agreeable mixture.

Blind Man's Buff
(St. Martin's)

YOU can find the title of this play, if you look for it—though not many people will, I feel—in a piece called *The Blind Goddess*, by the German dramatist, the late Ernst Toller. "When I was a child," says a character in this—she is serving a prison sentence—"we used to play a game called blind man's buff. . . . The blind man lunged about the room until he managed to catch somebody who was even blinder than he was." Justice, according to this bitter woman, is blind man's buff. On seeing the play at the St. Martin's, you may think of other similes. Denis Johnston, who has based this version upon Toller's—the names are bracketed—has an extraordinarily exciting trial scene. I admired this, with its handling of an extract from the laws of evidence, when it was done at the Bristol Old Vic; and the trial should not be missed now by students of dramatic technique who also want an absorbing night.

Peace, peace!
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?

Peggy Ashcroft as Cleopatra in the last scene of Glen Byam Shaw's Stratford production of *Antony and Cleopatra*, which opens a six-and-a-half-weeks season at the Princes Theatre to-night (November 4th) before a short Continental tour which will include visits to The Hague, Amsterdam, Antwerp, Brussels and Paris.

For the night is truly absorbing. No play this season has been better worth attention. Briefly, a doctor in an Irish country town is unhappily married, and in love with a woman doctor in the same district. The wife dies. Through a revengeful maidservant, the doctor is brought to trial for murder. Evidence is circumstantial; it will not be wholly telling unless the maidservant is allowed to say in court what she knows of the association between the two doctors. All seems to be going well until the doctor, hot-headed always, contrives to ruin his own case—in a way you had better discover at the St. Martin's. Later, the State Solicitor shows the Law at its best in a scene with a pathologist who has blundered, and who must retract his blunder. John Phillips and Alan MacNaughtan are remarkably good here. So, too, in the trial, are Newton Blick, calmly taking his time upon the Bench; and Douglas Wilmer and Hugh Manning as the counsel, one a hawk, the other deceptively bland.

Dennis Price and Elizabeth Allan are the two doctors who have, oddly, the least workable parts. The play may dither at first and dally at the end—production, no doubt, has been tightened—but, between these points, the writing is so apt, and the problem so cunning, that it will be a thousand pities if *Blind Man's Buff* does not get the run its quality warrants.

Drama at Inish
(Arts Theatre Club)

READERS of the late A. G. Macdonell's *England, Their England* will remember how the young acting drama critic attended with interest a "translation of a German masterpiece by Herr Rumpel-Stilzchen, the great exponent of the new Illusionist Symbolism." It was called, simply, *The Perpetuation of Eternity*, and there was "a powerful bit of the most modern sort of Symbolism in which a salt-digger's mistress was confronted with a lot of the Thoughts which she would have thought had she been, instead, a champion tricyclist." Mr. Macdonell was very much in my own Thoughts during *Drama at Inish*, the piece (*Is Life Worth Living!* is the other title) in which Lennox Robinson observes the impact of a highbrow repertory company upon the Southern Irish town of Inish, one of the smallest of the "smalls."

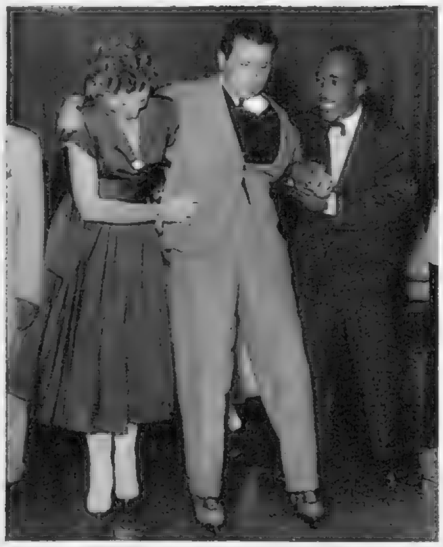
Mr. Robinson seems here to be inviting us to a banquet we never reach. In the first act all looks to be set for a relishing farcical comedy that does not come. It is quietly amusing, but it could have been funnier when Inish—overcome by the works of Strindberg and Ibsen and Chekhov, and, no doubt, Rumpel-Stilzchen—becomes the gloomiest town in Eire, peopled by introverts, with a potential suicide in every second house, and tortured souls round the corner. Still, the Arts revival is most happily acted, especially by the leaders of the "rep": Binnie Hale, who looks like a composite portrait of every Great Tragic Actress, and Charles Heslop, who exposes his soul nightly with a flourish (and who can find pathos accurately at the close). Moya Nugent, as an aunt with a Blighted Past, and Edward Byrne as (unintentionally) the Blighter, are two of the Irish members of a play that does bob up again cheerfully.

Writing, in the last issue, of players in *The King and I* who "look after the more serious singing," I named Thomas Hare (the Phra Alack) instead of Jan Muzurus (the Lun Tha), who has two notable duets with Doreen Duke.

Double trouble : Sally Ann Howes and Joel Riordan (Belita's husband) come down with a thump, and Barry Barczinski—one of the *Champagne on Ice* cast—dashes up to help.

Thump ! But it doesn't take the smile off Terry-Thomas's face. Belita (*right*) helps Doreen Russell Roberts (*left*) and Al Earl (*centre*) to haul him back to the vertical.

Frankie Howerd can't skate, so no one knows how he was in at the finish of "Musical Chairs on Ice" with Lizbeth Webb !



Impresario Bernard Delfont has a lesson from Doreen Russell Roberts and Al Earl, both of *Champagne on Ice*.

His partner Jane Conlan is down, but Val Guest is making a valiant effort to stay on his feet.

THEY'RE STARS . . . BUT NOT ON ICE!

It wasn't only the champagne that was on ice at Belita's birthday party at the London Hippodrome on October 21st. Stage, screen and radio stars, agents and impresarios "took the floor" one after the other—and most of them repeated the process every time they endeavoured to stand. For Belita, scintillating star of *Champagne on Ice*, had issued all her guests with skates. Apart from the cast of the show, the only guest who seemed to know skates from flying saucers was lovely Lizbeth Webb, star of *Guys and Dolls*.

Right : Belita holds a slice of her birthday cake for Lizbeth Webb to take a bite, while Mary Naylor, behind Belita, Bruce Trent (*right*) and other guests look on.

DOWLAIS. By Nan Youngman. (40 gns.) Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square, W.C.2.

THE STRAND. By Dennis Flanders. (£32.) Bought by private collector. Coombs and Percival Ltd., Albemarle Street, W.1. Until Nov. 7th.

A RUSSIAN GIRL. By Mary Edis. (£20.) R.I. Galleries, 195, Piccadilly, W.1. Until Nov. 6th.

MOIRA HAHN. By Frank Lisle. (£25.) R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk Street, S.W.1. Until Nov. 6th.

BIRTHDAY GIRL. By Anthony Devas. (£100.) R.B.A. Galleries. Until Nov. 6th.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTERS. By James Dawson. (£31 10s.) R.I. Galleries.

Around the Art Galleries

Nan Youngman's peculiar ability to make a thing of beauty of a dreary industrial landscape was shown to advantage in her exhibition, *Welsh and Other Paintings*, at the Leicester Galleries last month. The picture we reproduce above, *Dowlais*, is a good example of the way she handles a grim subject with delicacy. Drawings of the English scene by Dennis Flanders—typified by his carbon pencil and water-colour of *The Strand*—are renowned, but his delightful French drawings are perhaps not so well known. The picture we reproduce here is from his exhibition, *Some More Loire Châteaux and Other Drawings*, at Coombs and Percival Ltd., until November 7th. The 66th annual exhibition of the Royal Institute of Oil Painters, from which we have reproduced *A Russian Girl* by Mary Edis (Lady Bennett), *Mother and Daughters* by James Dawson, and *Leisure* by W. E. Webster, is extremely interesting and covers a very wide field ; it will remain open until November 6th. At the R.B.A. Galleries, the New English Art Club are holding their 106th exhibition, as always a fine representation of water-colours and drawings, oil paintings and sculpture in the English tradition ; also until November 6th.

Above:
THE BANKS OF THE SEINE. By Philip Connard. (365 gns.) R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk Street, S.W.1. Until Nov. 6th.

Left:
LEISURE. By W. E. Webster. (£26 5s.) R.I. Galleries, 195, Piccadilly, W.1. Until Nov. 6th.

Right:
MIDNIGHT AT VENICE. By Sir Muirhead Bone. R.B.A. Galleries. (Lent by Mr. A. C. J. Wall.)

TALKING OF TELEVISION: by CYRIL BUTCHER

One Tragedy: One Comedy

THE two major plays scheduled for the coming fortnight cannot be described as new exactly; and no doubt many of my colleagues will be fulminating mightily against the lack of new material when the time comes for their production. Nevertheless, I do not think the public will have too much to complain about, for both plays contain much of human interest and entertainment value. It all depends on how well they are done.

Golden Boy, by Clifford Odets, has earned for itself the rating of a minor American classic, from its productions in the theatre and in the cinema. Now it is to be offered to you on television next Sunday (November 8th), and again on November 12th.

The person of the Golden Boy is one Joe Bonaparte, a youngster of twenty-one, with a "cock-eye" and a large chip upon his shoulder. He is one of those mixed-up types so dear to American psychology. As the youngest member of a humble New York family of Italian origin he has spent his youth developing an outsize in inferiority complexes. Even his name has caused him suffering—from the merciless twitting of his schoolfellows. Up to the period when the play begins he has always sought refuge in music, for we are led to believe he is something of a prodigy on the violin. This is a talent which his father, a good, gentle soul, is anxious to foster, even to the extent of buying him a superb instrument costing 1200 dollars.

But music cannot satisfy young Joe's lust to be revenged upon society, to be a big-shot and to be able to buy what he most wants: a large, fast car. So he decides to become a prize-fighter, and enrols under the banner of Tom Moody, a somewhat shady boxing promoter. At first Joe merely shows promise, maddening his sponsors by his habit of fighting defensively. In fact, he is still mixed-up. He has not yet forgotten music, and is in constant fear that he might injure his hands in a fight. So Mr. Moody instructs his girl-friend, Lorna Moon, to unmix Joe a bit; which she does, with the inevitable effect. But the boy now begins to slash his way to victory after victory and becomes indeed a Golden Boy for his backers.

This is no play for you if you are at all squeamish and have an exclusive taste for the type of drama that is conducted in drawing-room terms to the accompaniment of rattling teacups. Mr. Odets pulls as few punches as his hero and has written a work of grim and sordid reality. Yet it is not without imagination and even a strange kind of beauty. Much of the imagery is foreign to the English mind, but it is nevertheless sincere. And to all his characters the author has added a fourth dimension—that of the soul.

The second play, *Britannia of Billingsgate*, by Christine Jope-Slade and Sewell Stokes, on November 15th and 19th, is in a much lighter vein. In fact, it is labelled as a comedy, but the authors should have gone even further and called it a modern fairy-story. One would then more readily accept the idea of two film producers descending on Mrs. Bolton, a charwoman resident in Peabody Buildings, Billingsgate, and offering her the star part in a new picture. Apparently Messrs. Brittz and Jones have been spending harassed and fruitless weeks in testing hundreds of professional actresses for this part, of a working-class mother, and only now—in a flash of inspiration—have they hit upon the idea of giving it to Mrs. Bolton, as she is the perfect type. (It must be explained that Mrs. Bolton is employed as a cleaner at the film studio, just round the corner.)

So the fairy waves her wand and—hey, presto!—Mrs. Bolton becomes a film star. But all is not well, for now the authors show one how money can corrupt. Her princely salary of fifty pounds a week has a bad effect on her family. Working hard for their living, her husband, son and daughter are nice, decent people. But with the easing of the financial strain a hereditary weakness asserts itself. Bert goes on the booze; Fred takes up with the local trollop; and Pansy throws up her millinery job; all very regrettable and understandably disturbing to poor Mrs. Bolton. However—as in all good fairy-stories—in the end they all live happily ever after.

I am keeping my fingers very much crossed for the evening of November 17th. Nobody could more welcome any imaginative effort on the part of the television service, but the thought of a whole night's programmes being done in the style of the first Elizabethan era makes me rather tremulous for its success. We are to have a sixteenth-century *Newsreel*, *Starlight*, *Inventors' Club*, *Press Conference* and *Leisure and Pleasure*, as well as an excerpt from Robert Greene's play *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, and a concluding Masque, by Ben Jonson. In fairness, I must add that those responsible for these programmes are well aware of the danger that the whole thing might become unbearably arch. So I wish them the very best of luck.

CATEGORICALLY SPEAKING . . .

Good

Dockland, a documentary programme written and produced by Duncan Ross (who is a dabster at this sort of thing) and directed by Gilchrist Calder. Mr. Ross's approach to those who go down to the sea in ships was intimate, human and sympathetic. It could easily have been over-sentimental; but it escaped that by a hair's breadth.

Operation Northstar, by Harald Bratt. This espionage thriller aimed no higher than excitement and entertainment, thank heavens! and succeeded excellently. Most of the credit must go to a most adroit production by Rudolph Cartier though no fault could be found in the cast's exposition of the plot.

Indifferent

Black Chiffon. This fine play by Lesley Storm was given what was virtually a televised stage production, and the general result was static to the point of claustrophobia.

OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER

PAUL GALLICO, whose infinitely tender, immeasurably moving stories like *The Snow Goose* and *The Small Miracle* are known and loved by millions, has written specially for "The Sketch" Christmas Number a new story in his inimitable style, *Saint Ludmilla and the Weakling*. With its beautifully-drawn illustrations, it will touch the heart as well as the mind, and live a long time in the memory. Like all Paul Gallico's stories, it is a tale for children of all ages; and like all Paul Gallico's stories, we feel that it will become a legend.

From the tender to the gay; the pages of this special issue abound in colour and warmth—and over all is the special magic of the festive season. There are Harlequins and holly, mummers and mistletoe, "Bushy's Christmas" and a Dolls' Anthology for the children, stories and seasonal articles for the adults. There is a delightful eight-page Colour Supplement of skilfully modernised selections from *The Canterbury Tales*—stories like *The Pilgrims, The Men Who Would Kill Death, Patient Griselda, The Knight and the Old Woman*, and *A Princess's Adventure*.

An imaginary series on the adventures of William Shakespeare among the New Elizabethans adds a lively touch, and there is much more that will entertain and intrigue you. "The Sketch" Christmas Number makes an ideal Christmas present for friends overseas—but don't forget to order one for yourself. From all newsagents, or from the Circulation Manager, "The Sketch," Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, W.C.2. On sale November 19th. Price 3s. 6d.

Specially drawn for "The Sketch" by Anton.

"NOW I'LL BE ABLE TO TEACH YOU PATIENCE."

H.R.H. the Grand Duke Charles, Prince Regent of Carpathia (Laurence Olivier), greets Miss Elaine Dagenham, American musical comedy actress (Vivien Leigh).

Elaine is surprised—but so far not worried—to discover that the party she was invited to is a *tête-à-tête* affair.

The boy King, Nicolas VIII, of Carpathia (Jeremy Spenser), has a difference of opinion with the Grand Duke Charles.

The Grand Duke is called away for various reasons during their *tête-à-tête*, and Elaine partakes a little too freely of the vodka and champagne. She is on the point of succumbing to the Grand Duke's amorous attentions when the vodka overcomes her and she is put to bed in an adjoining room.

"Sketch" Theatre Previe

"THE SLEEPI

TERENCE RATTIGAN himself calls his new play which has its London première at the Phœnix Theatre to-morrow (November 5th) "an occasional fairy tale"—and truly *The Sleeping Prince* is "such stuff as dreams are made on." In their first light comedy together in England, we have a new and completely captivating Vivien Leigh, obviously delighting in her rôle as an American chorus lady in a blonde wig and white gown, and Laurence Olivier playing the Grand Duke Charles, Prince Regent of Carpathia, with great zest and humour. The time is the London of the 1911 Coronation, the scene the Royal suite of the Carpathian Legation. Into a world of Balkan intrigue comes American Gaiety Girl Mary Morgan, who calls herself Elaine Dagenham "to avoid confusion." The Grand Duke Charles invites her to supper at the Royal Suite. Until she arrives she has no idea it is to be a purely *tête-à-tête* affair, with vodka, champagne, caviare and soft lights provided. While the Grand Duke is busy with unexpected affairs of State, Elaine samples the vodka freely, and when he resumes his attentions she is on the verge of succumbing to him when she succumbs to the vodka instead. She spends the night in the Royal Suite and proceeds to become a thorn

The Baroness Brunheim watches as the Grand Duchess Charles helps Elaine dress to accompany her to the Coronation as a lady-in-waiting.

The Grand Duchess smiles as the Grand Duke, grudgingly and with much embarrassment, bestows the Royal Carpathian Order of Perseverance (Second Class) on the kneeling Elaine, while Baroness Brunheim, who has loaned her tiara and jewels for the occasion, looks on.

"What are words, when deeds can say so much more ?" asks the ardent Grand Duke of the apprehensive Elaine.

The Baroness Brunheim (Daphne Newton), the Grand Duchess Charles (Martita Hunt), the Grand Duke, the Archduchess (Elaine Inescourt) and the Countess von und zu Meissenbronn (Rosamund Greenwood). Beside the boy king sits Princess Louisa (Nicola Delman) and in front of them, Elaine Dagenham.

f To-morrow's Première

G PRINCE"

n the Grand Duke's side, but eventually she cceeds in awakening the heart of the emotion-lly sleeping Prince Regent. Vivian Ellis has omposed two numbers that bubble like pink hampagne, and Roger Furse's settings and ostuming are altogether delightful.

Photographed by Angus McBean.

Elaine has become a more or less permanent member of the entourage and here she makes a telephone call that the boy King considers most indiscreet.

The young King says of Princess Louisa, "I liked the way she looked when she was skating. Is that such a strong basis for marriage ? What do I do in the summer ?"

Elaine whispers sweet nothings in temporary farewell. "You are flattering me," says the Grand Duke. "Oh, no, darling. After all," she comforts him, "the middle thirties is still young. And above all, virility and strength of character . . ."

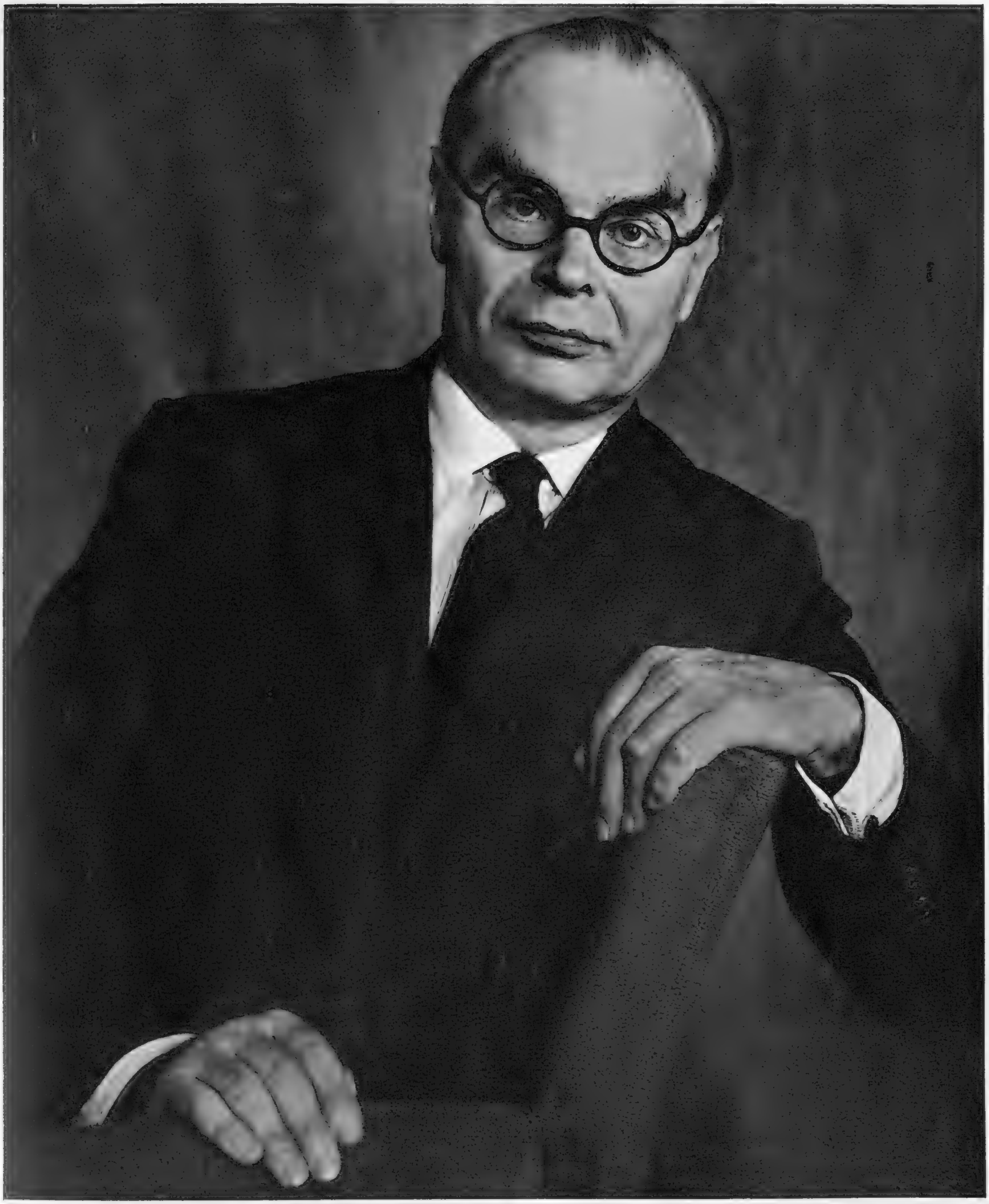
Ivan Foxwell and his wife and twelve-year-old daughter Zia at the windows of their beautiful country residence, Home Farm, at Sherston, in Wiltshire. Originally an Elizabethan manor house, it is still in a perfect state of preservation and is one of the loveliest old homes in the county.

Down at the stables, Mr. Foxwell has a tasty tit-bit for *Milly*, Zia's beloved pony, which she rides in the Beaufort Hunt.

AT HOME WITH THE FOXWELLS

Busy young film producer Ivan Foxwell and his lovely wife, Lady Edith, who is a cousin of the Earl of Cavan, love to relax at their beautiful Elizabethan manor house in Wiltshire, with their schoolgirl daughter Zia, but have to divide their time between the country and their penthouse in Mayfair. Mr. Foxwell's first essay into film production under his own banner with *The Intruder* has added laurels to his already fine record. A special première of *The Intruder* held in aid of the Returned British Prisoner of War Association was attended by the Duke of Edinburgh last month.

Together, the successful young producer and his wife, Lady Edith, reminisce over the scrap-book which records his long career in the British and French film world, which began when he entered the British cinema industry in 1933.



Personality Parade—10

SIR JOHN ROTHENSTEIN, C.B.E.

Photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Jitendra Arya.

There were no Henry Moores, no Graham Sutherlands, no Victor Pasmores at the Tate Gallery when Sir John Rothenstein was appointed its Director in 1938. At thirty-six, he was by far the youngest man in the Tate's history to hold such a position, and the first ever to take that tremendous step-up from directorship of a provincial gallery. That the appointment was well-deserved has been more than amply borne out—he has already built up for the Tate Gallery the finest collection of twentieth-century British art there is. His distinguished reputation has been enhanced by his learned but highly readable books on the arts, such as his most recently published *Modern English Painters: Sickert to Smith.* His experience is wide. Appointed Director of the Leeds Art Gallery at thirty, he literally set about "spreading light in dark places." The then traditional air of gloom surrounding all public galleries was not absent in Leeds. Pictures were hung thickly and indiscriminately on dark and dingy walls. The enthusiastic young Director redecorated and rearranged—the result was all spaciousness and light, with the paintings carefully hung to show their full beauty. Then, while Director of the Sheffield Galleries and Ruskin Museum, he helped design the new Graves' Gallery and form its collection. His splendid efforts in Leeds and Sheffield were certainly behind his appointment to the Tate—and his early work in brightening and lightening the exhibitions in his care is certainly behind the now nationally-accepted arrangement of most such galleries.

NELSON FERRAZ. Baritone singing star of *Braziliana.*

DOMINGOS CAMPOS.

DINA ANTUNES.

MARIA LUIZA.

OLIVIA MARINHO, ELZA AMBROSIO, DINA ANTUNES and MARIA LUIZA.

Foreground: MARIA LUIZA and MATEUS, the drummer.

AGOSTINHA REIS.

LEDA MARIA.

"Braziliana"

The Rio de Janeiro Ballet-Musical *Braziliana* was given a wonderful reception when it opened at the Stoll Theatre on October 26th. A group of dancers, singers and musicians under the directorship of Senhor Miecio Askanasy have brought to London an outstanding repertoire of Sambas, Bayons, colourful ritual songs, dances and legends designed to depict typical aspects of the Brazilian scene. These pictures were taken during *Carnaval de Rio de Janeiro*, the popular first-night finale. Every year for four nights and three days, Rio is *en fête* and this Brazilian carnival—said to be the biggest mass entertainment in the world—is portrayed with remarkable credibility on the London stage.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Houston Rogers.

Hazel Penwarden as Princess Katherine and Richard Burton as Henry V. in the Anthony Quayle production of *King Henry V.* in 1951. Scenery and costumes by Tanya Moiseiwitsch.

Alan Badel as Ariel and Michael Redgrave as Prospero in the Michael Benthall production of *The Tempest* in 1951. Scenery and costumes by Loudon Sainthill.

Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, 1951–1953

THE third of a series of brilliant and engrossing pictorial records of the Stratford Memorial Theatre, *Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, 1951–53* (Max Reinhardt; 18s.), is published to-day (November 4th). With its striking photographs by Angus McBean and a fine critical analysis by Ivor Brown, it is an estimably comprehensive account of the last three exciting years at Stratford. Every play presented there during that time has been recorded pictorially, the photographs showing scenes from the various productions, with actors and actresses such as Peggy Ashcroft, Michael Redgrave, Sir Ralph Richardson, Margaret Leighton, Anthony Quayle, Richard Burton, Marius Goring and Yvonne Mitchell. It has, of course, been a very fruitful period, with the 1951 Festival Year setting the pace with a commemorative presentation of historical plays that found much favour with the theatre-going public. The 1952 season brought *The Tempest, Coriolanus, As You Like It, Macbeth* and—the only play outside the Shakespeare canon—George Devine's production of Jonson's *Volpone,* with Sir Ralph Richardson in the name rôle. These two outstanding seasons were the prelude to the perfect culmination achieved with the 1953 series arranged for Coronation Year, consisting of *The Merchant of Venice, Richard III., Antony and Cleopatra, The Taming of the Shrew* and *King Lear.* Mr. Brown's appraisal covers the work of the Theatre, and also a discussion of each production and of the leading players who have appeared at Stratford during these three years.

Photographs by Angus McBean.

Sir Ralph Richardson as Volpone and Anthony Quayle as Mosca in the George Devine production of Ben Jonson's *Volpone* in 1952. Scenery and costumes by Malcolm Pride.

Margaret Leighton as Rosalind and Laurence Harvey as Orlando in the Glen Byam Shaw production of *As You Like It* in 1952. Scenery and costumes by Motley.

Michael Bates as Touchstone and Jill Showell as Audrey in the Glen Byam Shaw production of *As You Like It* in 1952. Scenery and costumes by Motley.

Michael Warre as Christopher Sly, Marius Goring as Petruchio, Yvonne Mitchell as Katharina and Donald Pleasence as Grumio in George Devine's production of *The Taming of the Shrew* in 1953.

Anthony Quayle as Othello and Barbara Jefford as Desdemona in the New Zealand–Australia tour production by Anthony Quayle of *Othello* in 1953. Scenery and costumes by Tanya Moiseiwitsch.

CANDID COMMENTARIES: By CREDENDUS

St. Andrews

Sketches by Susan Benson

I FOUND St. Andrews as grey and speckled as a piece of homespun tweed. It was quite different to what I expected. Before I arrived the prospect of a town given over to golf and golfers was like a nightmare. There is something about female golfers that I find terrifying. I have always cherished the assumption that women should act and appear like women. If a girl looks a cross between Ava Gardner and Jane Russell, the odds are that she has something better to do than tramp miles round a golf course. Sex equality in golf has a habit of trying to improve on nature, but the result is not always successful. The hotel at teatime confirmed my fears. Men talked golf and bulky women sported tweeds and stout shoes.

Happily it is possible to forget this pastime that is played in spare time on waste ground. The experience of exchanging St. Andrews the home of golf for St. Andrews the ecclesiastical capital of Scotland was like passing through gates into a rather thoughtful world, a world of charm that is still living spiritually in the eighteenth century. The candles are not burnt out. I went to the tower of St. Rule and climbed the damp, spiral steps in solid blackness infested by expostulating pigeons. From the lead roof I could just see the Lomond Hills of Fife by Loch Leven and the Sidlaw Hills beyond Dundee. In the distance the Old Course looked painfully narrow. Below sprawled the ruined cathedral, once a jewel of pointed Gothic, now a stone skeleton with shadowy aisles and broken columns, a memorial to the iconoclastic passion of John Knox, who destroyed the fabric, but left the memory of a ruined altar . . . an altar before which James V. and Mary of Guise were married, a union that gave Mary Stuart to her people.

There below was the Haunted Tower on the Abbey Wall, the custodian of strange rumours: the Pends, originally the entrance to the Priory, now dignified in decay: the grey buildings of Scotland's oldest university: streets sprinkled with students in scarlet gowns, many heading for the rough-and-ready shop that serves such excellent coffee. I thought of the Castle. If stones can retain the impress of tragedy, here is ground more cursed than the Haunted Tower. The gloom of the Bottle Dungeon almost echoes to the groans of victims. In contrast, I thought of a tiny room overlooking a peaceful garden, furnished as it must have been when Mary, Queen of Scots, weary of Court intrigue, came for peace and rest. It does not require a sensitive imagination to conceive what sad thoughts must have been released in this tiny chamber with its recessed window and enclosed little bed surmounted with a simple crucifix. Mary Stuart is an enigma. Her portraits show that beauty of feature was not her charm, yet as a young woman she exercised a powerful attraction over men. It would be true to say that those to whom she yielded were unworthy of her, being either vicious or weak. One fact is indisputable. Mary Stuart, Queen Regnant of Scotland, was a lonely woman. Only in St. Andrews did she become like any other young girl. I found the atmosphere of phantasy still preserved, for this closet of Royal memories is now part of the library of a girl's school.

I must close on a golfing note. To do otherwise would be sacrilege in the eyes of many natives. Even in the cathedral kirkyard I found golfing associations, two monuments being unique and symbolical. One preserves the carved bewhiskered features of Allan Robertson with the emblems of his trade as ball-maker in the town a century ago, whilst John Rhind, the Edinburgh sculptor, created a life-like figure of Young Tom Morris showing the famous golfer addressing a ball with his favourite cleek. If either Robertson or Morris could come back to life they would feel quite at home once the Old Course was reached. They would locate familiar landmarks like the Elysian Fields, the Valley of Sin, Granny Clark's Wynd, the Road Hole, the Principal's Nose, and the possibility of a glass of beer at the Ginger-beer Hole.

Tradition lingers long at St. Andrews. One custom known to generations of golfers takes place at the autumn meeting of the Royal and Ancient Club. To see it necessitates getting up when the dew is still on the grass. Even at such an early hour, a crowd jostles on the terrace. Suddenly conversation stops. There is activity on the first teeing-ground. A glistening white ball is teed-up. An elderly man steps forward and takes a practice swing. Long-handicap golfers suffer with him, for he is not necessarily a good golfer. He takes his stance. A swish of a club and the ball should sail down the fairway as a ceremonial cannon is fired. No sooner has the ball landed than it disappears under a heap of struggling figures. One detaches itself, trots back, golf ball in hand, to receive his reward—a gold sovereign or its equivalent. Tradition has been observed. The new captain of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club has played himself into office.

Left: *The unicorn, United College—a part of Scotland's oldest university.*

Below: *The shop that bears the name of a champion golfer.*

The Clubhouse of the Royal and Ancient—synonymous with golf throughout the world.

Fan-tail pigeons by St. Mary's College.

Martyr's memorial.

The monument to Allan Robertson, ball-maker.

The Collegiate Church—United College.

AT THE CINEMA with C. A. LEJEUNE

A Film with a Theological Argument

The Heart of the Matter

(*Carlton*)

IT should be made clear from the start that this authorised adaptation of Graham Greene's novel is not a film for everybody. It is the work of a Catholic writer and a Catholic director, and its subject, in spite of the love-story running through it, is a theological argument. Can a Catholic, under any circumstances, be forgiven the mortal sins of despair, sacrilegious communion, and the contemplation or commission of suicide ? These are not the sort of questions ordinarily asked in cinemas, and those who find them improper or embarrassing would be well advised to leave the film alone.

The story is set in Sierra Leone in the early years of the war. The place is sweaty, and unhealthy for whitemen, and the native drums go on and on, and it rains and rains and rains. The Deputy Commissioner of Police (Trevor Howard) is a good, painstaking, likeable fellow, apparently doomed always to take second place. His wife (Elizabeth Allan) has had all she can take of the rain and the drums and Sierra Leone, and nags at her husband continuously until he sends her to South Africa on a long holiday.

Her boat has hardly sailed when the Other Woman comes into the picture. The Other Woman (Maria Schell) is a young Austrian girl, one of the survivors from a torpedoed ship. Policeman and girl fall passionately in love, but nothing can be done about it in a regular way, because the man's religion forbids divorce. The wife returns, all smiles, and wants him back. The girl clings to him, all tears, and he can't bear to let her go. The only way out seems to be suicide ; but that is forbidden by his religion too. In the book he takes the risk of eternal damnation and poisons himself ; the film, with a cautious eye on the censor, contrives his exit in another way.

Nobody can say that *The Heart of the Matter* is a rollickingly cheerful story, and I sometimes wonder myself whether Graham Greene is not a bit too apt to get his sex and religion muddled up. But everything a film can do for the subject has been most beautifully done. Trevor Howard has played no part more lovingly, nor with greater depths of understanding, since *Brief Encounter*. Maria Schell makes the Austrian refugee a wistful and irresistible little pagan.

Every actor, however brief his part, scores his mark, under the guidance of a wonderfully sensitive director, George More O'Ferrall. Mr. O'Ferrall learnt the trick of handling actors as leading drama producer for B.B.C. Television. After three films (*Angels One-Five*, *The Holly and the Ivy*, *The Heart of the Matter*), he already ranks amongst the best in British studios. His genius is perhaps shown most clearly in close-ups, in which he has almost a Svengali touch. Notice the tiny scene with the shipwrecked schoolmistress, almost at breaking-point after forty days in an open boat, but bent on getting to the Educational Settlement at Lagos without delay. Not a stroke too much, nor a touch too little, but exactly right ; a true performance educed by a fine director.

Personal Affair

(*Leicester Square Theatre*)

IT is a very long time indeed since I have enjoyed a film of such unparalleled silliness as *Personal Affair*, directed by Anthony Pelissier from a script by playwright Lesley Storm.

The hero (Leo Genn) is the Latin master at a new co-educational school (complete with ancient cloisters). On being informed by his American wife (Gene Tierney) that a seventeen-year-old pupil (Glynis Johns) is madly in love with him, he promptly telephones the girl and asks her to meet him by the Weir at eleven o'clock of a dark night. What happens at the Weir is not disclosed, but thereafter the schoolgirl disappears without trace ; or, rather, without any trace other than a floating beret.

The finger of suspicion points straight at the Latin master. Has he seduced the girl and made away with her, or what ? The police drag the river and beat the woods in vain. Gossip runs like wildfire through the town. Panic-stricken parents snatch their children off the streets. The lost girl's mother (Megs Jenkins) goes round, half-doped, in a dressing-gown, wringing her hands and making like Lady Macbeth. The lost girl's father (Walter Fitzgerald) takes to the bottle in a big way. The lost girl's aunt (Pamela Brown) hides a little tear-soaked handkerchief, and hugs to her spinster bosom the asp of her lost youth. People start seeing huge, superimposed faces (sometimes in negative) on the water and the clouds. The Latin master, short of being lynched, is sacked. And his American wife, coolly pouring coffee, observes : " To me it seems so terrible that my husband should be victimised merely because he has become the focus point of an adolescent infatuation."

Not for worlds would I divulge the dénouement of this enthralling picture ; which is never dull, is often pictorially delightful, and has to be seen to be believed—if then.

THE HEART OF THE MATTER—the lovers Helen (Maria Schell) and Scobie (Trevor Howard) are shocked by the news that Scobie's wife Louise (Elizabeth Allan) is on her way home from South Africa. Wilson (Denholm Elliott), who dislikes Scobie, watches his rival's reaction to the news with malicious pleasure.

The Conquest of Everest

(*Warner Theatre*)

PROBABLY through some lack of adventurousness in my nature, I have never felt the urge to be an explorer, and as a rule the thing I like best about travel films is the moment when they intone : " And now we must bid farewell to beautiful Such-and-Such." When I say, then, that *The Conquest of Everest* left me spellbound with excitement and admiration, you will realise I am paying an exceptionally high compliment to the picture.

This is something more than a faithful record of an epic expedition. It is a film contrived with an imagination equal to that of its climber heroes. Entirely honest throughout, without any faking or over-elaboration, it achieves by its very truthfulness, as someone has well written, " that mounting excitement, that sense of emotional strain rising to a climax, which are the ambitions of fictional films."

The Technicolor photography adds immeasurably to the picture's impact ; but I am not quite so sure about Louis Macneice's rather florid commentary. How much more vivid it all seems when Sir John Hunt's voice takes up the description of the climb in clipped, matter-of-fact phrases ! It may seem to some that *The Conquest of Everest* needs no poet to embellish it ; the subject has poetry of its own.

Androcles and the Lion

(*Rialto*)

PRODUCER Gabriel Pascal, who has made something of a corner in film translations of Shaw plays, tackles his most difficult subject yet, and very nearly succeeds with it. For all its surface froth and bubble, *Androcles and the Lion* is a play with a hard core of thought, and Pascal has had the courage not to let us forget this. Perhaps some of the actors are not quite equal to the demands of the Shavian characters ; but Alan Young, as the gentle Androcles, and Robert Newton, as the giant Ferrovius (although unaccountably robbed of his final speech) get very close to the author's intentions. Jean Simmons, as Lavinia, never for a moment suggests Shaw's " clever and fearless free-thinker," but she has a touching, kittenish pertness, and looks delightful in her off-one-shoulder gown.

Introducing . . .

BELINDA LEE

Lovely newcomer to films who at eighteen has been given a starring rôle opposite Hollywood actor Dane Clark is England's own Belinda Lee. The film, *Murder By Proxy*, has just gone into production in this country, and according to producer Michael Carreras, beautiful Belinda's "break" is an answer to the perpetual grouse that film producers never give new English girls a chance: Belinda has previously played only very small parts in three films.

1. BARBARA, by H. F. Collie.

4. MARY, by E. W. Horswill.

EXHIBITION PHOTOGRAPHS

Two years ago the staff of Illustrated Newspapers (proprietors of *The Sketch*) formed their own photographic society and since then have been holding monthly exhibitions, the standard of which has been well in keeping with that set by the publications themselves. Reproduced herewith are the four prize-winners from the Society's recent Annual Exhibition, chosen by an independent judge, Mr. J. Wallace Philpot.

2. THE LAST WORM, by A. W. Downham.

3. LADY CHAPEL, ST. ALBAN'S ABBEY, by H. F. Collie.

Our Fashion Portfolio

by NORAH OWEN

The Wind and the Rain

Warm enough for the most wintry weather, and ideal for travel and country wear, is this reversible coat of doeskin cashmere and loomed leopard. Worn either way, leopard outside or plain, the coat may be half-belted, or worn without the belt. From Wetherall, price about 45 guineas. A matching hat and leopard-lined bootees are also obtainable.

[Continued overleaf.

OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO (continued)

For a bitterly cold day this gay, plaid coat in bright Otterburn tweed will cheer the heart and keep out the cold. Straight, casual and cosily buttoning, the price is 25 guineas from Aquascutum. In different plaids and qualities of tweeds, the coat is available at 12½ guineas and 16 guineas. The woolly cap is knitted by the Women's Home Industries.

The Wind and the Rain

So far this Autumn we have been lightly treated by the elements, and it becomes difficult to remember really cold and really wet weather. We can, however, rest assured that these will soon be with us. For the town-dweller, the onslaught is never quite so hard. Cold, wet weather is unpleasant, but there are taxi-cabs and shelters, and the direct contact is tempered. Every countrywoman knows the full fury of a bitter wind and the relentless, drenching power of wintry rain. For her we show these coats and raincoats.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Studio Hanover.

Above : A raincoat that will be a standby all the year round. By Paul Blanche, plain and tailored, in stone-coloured gaberdine, with tweed revers and a back half-belt. Price about 10½ gns. from Selfridge's. The stone-coloured woolly hat, price £2 12s. 6d., from the Princess Boutique. The umbrella, with its amusing handle, price £3 17s. 6d., from Susan Handbags.

Left : Traditional and proved wear for the stormiest day is this stout wool-gaberdine raincoat and matching hat. Silk-lined, the coat costs £34 17s. 10d. The deer-stalker hat, which can be tied firmly under the chin, £4 3s. 2d. Both are from Burberrys.

[Continued overleaf.

OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO (continued)

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Suitable for town or country, a mackintosh and matching cap in black-and-white small checked cotton. The coat, with its black collar, may be worn loose or belted, and is gay and trim for the rainiest day. By Dannimac, price 79s. 6d., from Fenwick's, Bond Street; and Hammond's, Hull. The umbrella, with an all-over leaf design, price 37s. 6d., from Susan Handbags, Bond Street.

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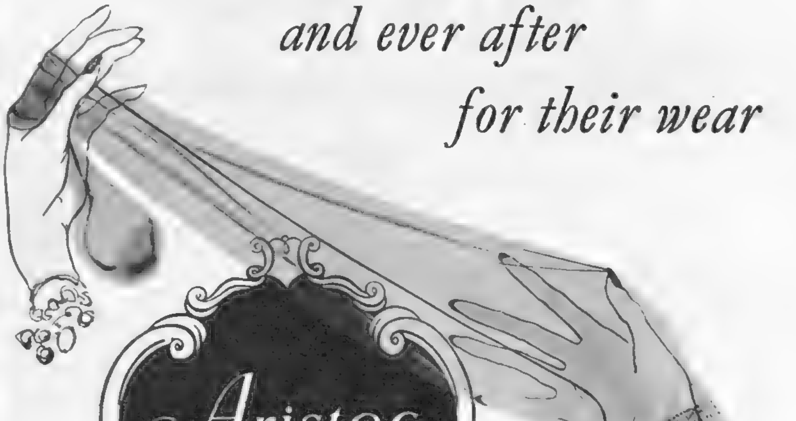

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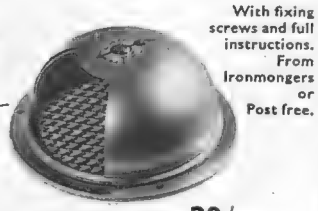

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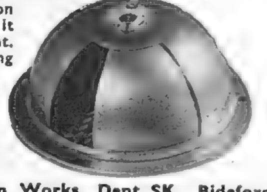

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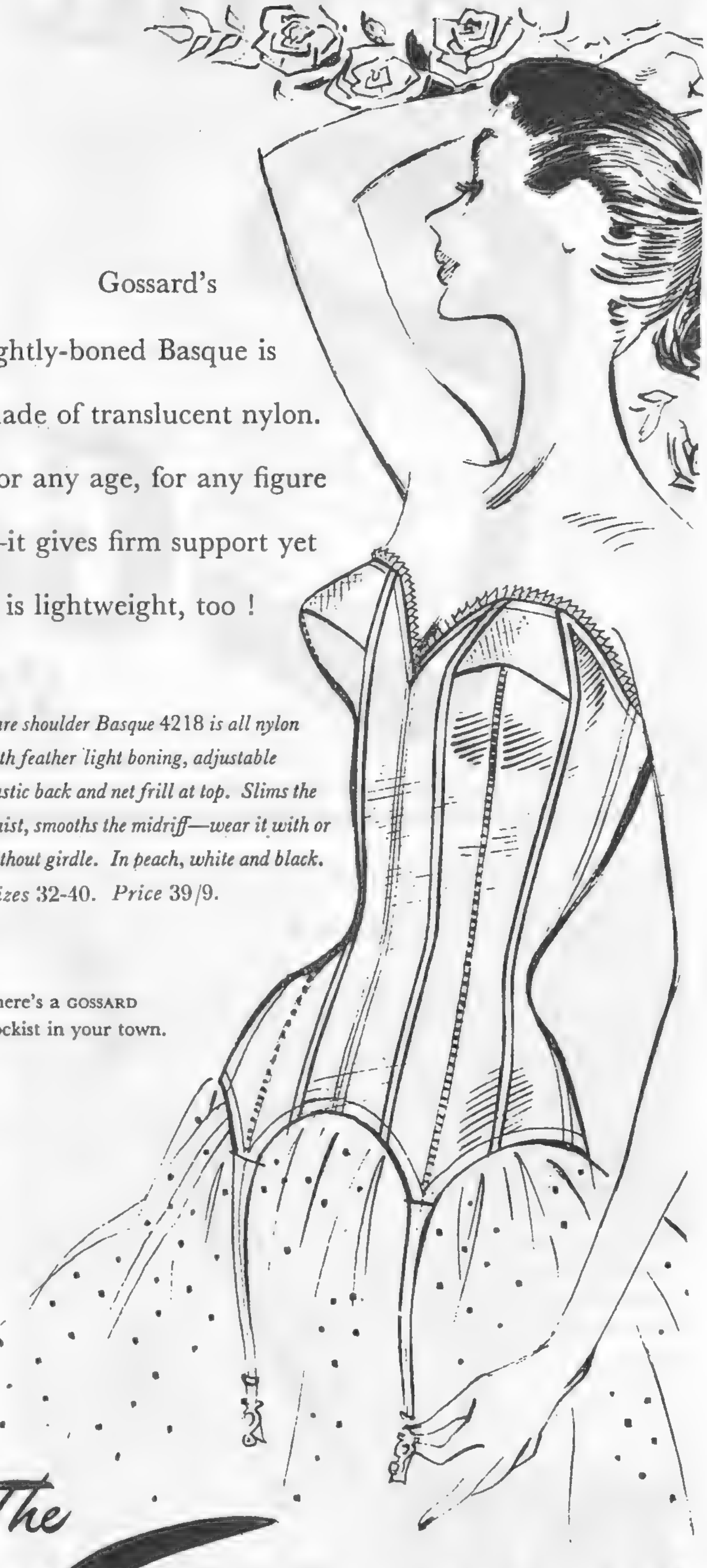

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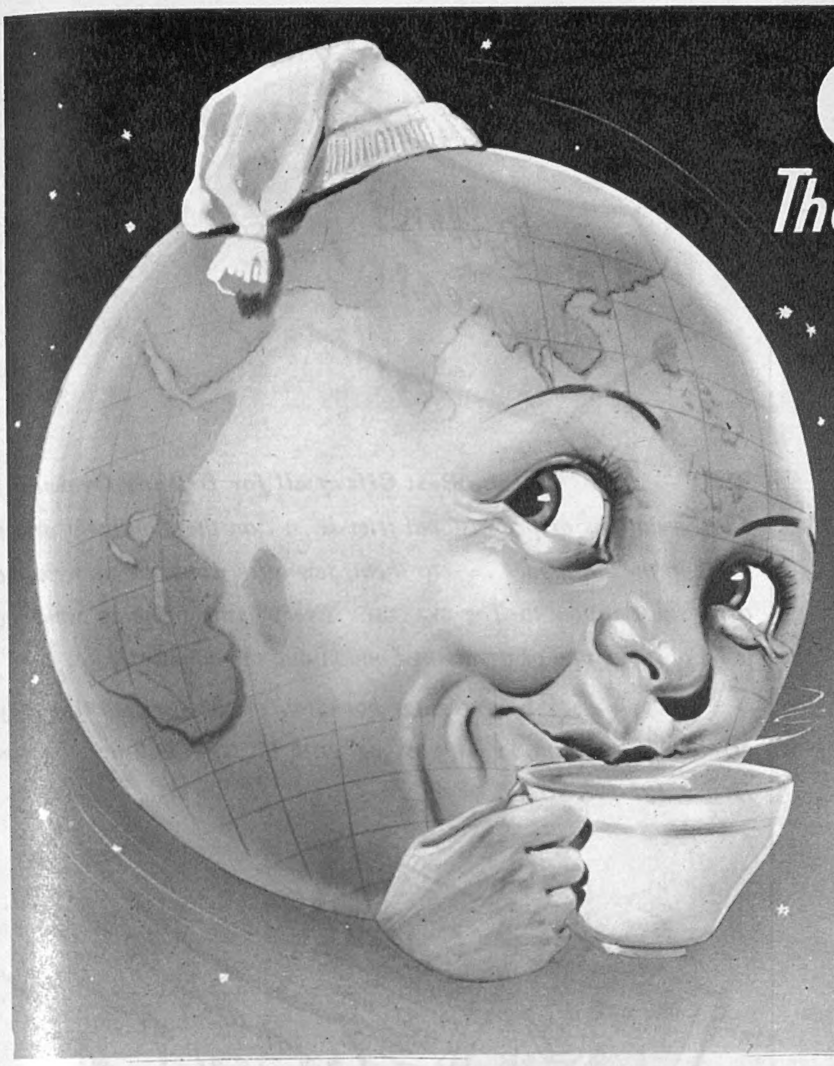

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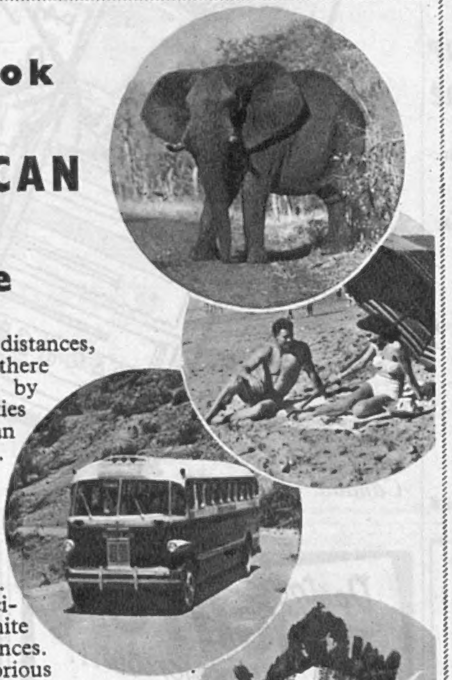

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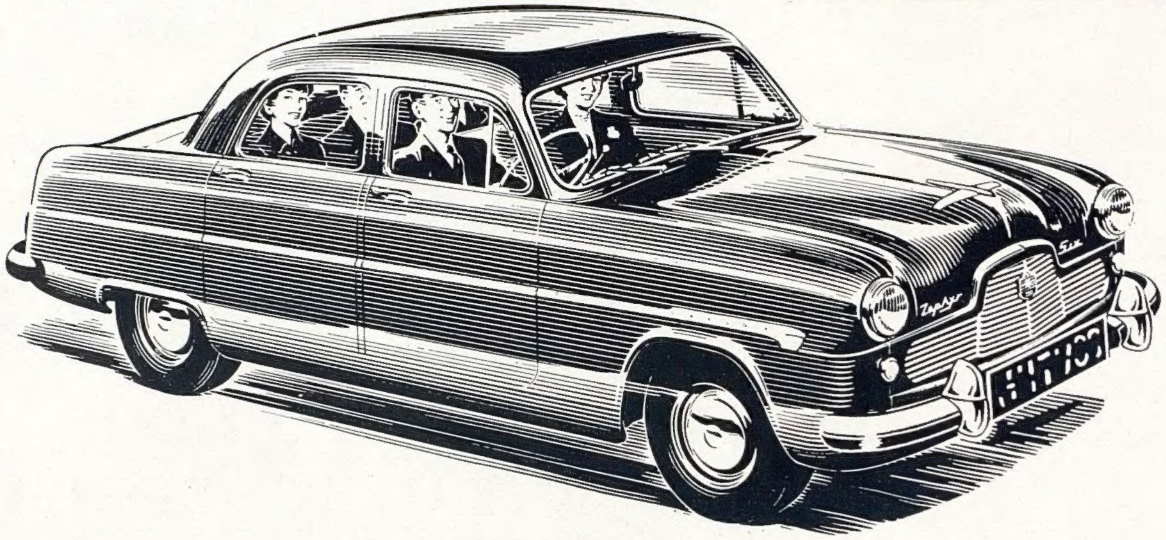

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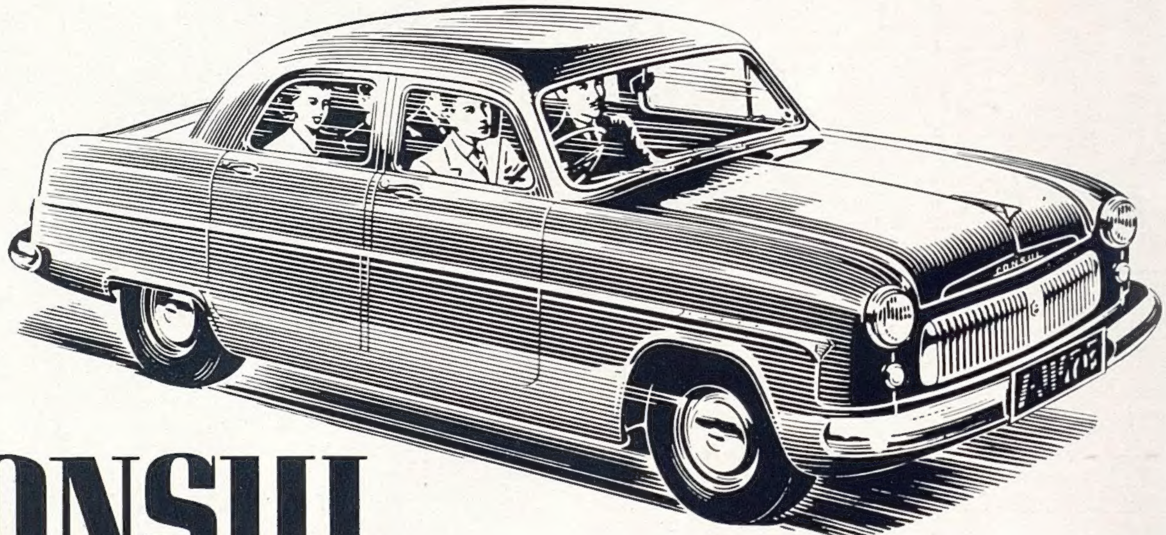

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